

STATUE OF LEE AT GETTYSBURG.

FIGURE OF GREAT SOLDIER ON HIS
WAR HORSE, TRAVELER.
UNVEILED.

Gettysburg, Penn. June 8.—Confederate Veterans from all parts of the South came here today from Washington, where their annual reunion is in progress, to attend the unveiling of Virginia's monument on the Gettysburg battlefield.

On the spot where Pickett's division formed, fifty-four years ago, for its famous charge in the third day's battle that marked the high tide of the Confederacy, an equestrian statue of Gen Robert E Lee, mounted on his famous horse, Traveler, was formally presented to the nation. Several thousand Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Veterans also attended the ceremonies.

Governor Stuart, of Virginia, led the parade to the battle grounds.

Miss Anne Carter Lee, a granddaughter of Gen Lee, pulled the cords which unlashed the Stars and Stripes covering the monument.

Governor Stuart, in presenting the memorial to the government, recounted the character which has made the name of Lee loved and re-

vered throughout the world, and declared that today marked the third time the blue and gray had blended this spot, first in battle array, the second time at the reunion on the fiftieth anniversary and today at the unveiling of Virginia's memorial. This occasion, he said, should stand as a sign to the world of the union of the North and South.

The Governor's eulogy to Gen Lee and the men who served the lost cause, evoked a great demonstration.

The statue was accepted on behalf of the government by Assistant Secretary of War Ingraham. The invocation was pronounced by Rev James Power Smith, who served as captain and aide on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson.

To be Tried for Serious Offense.

The two cases against Paul Wierse, an editorial writer on the Charleston American, were called up in the federal court at Charleston last week and continued till the October term to be held at Aiken. The cases against Wierse are in connection with the sinking of the German steamship Liebenfels in the Cooper river several months ago, for which offense against the federal statutes Capt Klattenhoff upon his plea of guilty was sentenced to one year and a day in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, where seven members of the Liebenfels' crew are already serving like terms.

KINGSTREE LONG AGO AND NOW.

EDITOR CUNNINGHAM WRITES
INTERESTINGLY ABOUT HIS
OLD HOME TOWN.

We stated last week that we would continue the narrative of our trip to Williamsburg, and say something about old Kingstree.

After a three hours run from Bishopville, we arrived at Kingstree about 6:30 p. m., our first stop being at the home of our brother, Dr J S Cunningham. Here, after a short rest, the party divided, the Editor and better half going to the home of Mrs Lou Gilliland to spend the night. As we had so many relatives to visit, it is needless to say with what a glad welcome we were received by both relatives and friends, especially do we appreciate the pressing invitations from that most genial and warm-hearted friend, James D Epps, and our old comrade, Harvey H Kinder. Knowing our partiality and fondness for the famous Black River fish, we had no less than six invitations from friends Saturday to partake of the famous Black River bream, goggle eye, red breast and mawmouth fresh from the water. But our kind hostess, Mrs Gilliland, said to her son Wilmot, "Can't you get some fish for your cousins?" Without saying anything more about it he was up and off to the river by daylight, and brought back 48 as fine specimens as one would wish to see or taste. The Editor is a pretty big fish eater, but two of those, almost as broad as your two hands, were just about as much as he could go at one time.

It was indeed a great pleasure to meet and visit in their homes so many of our old friends and relatives, but our time was so limited, we did not get to see more than half of them. We found our dear old brother in very good health and recovered from his terrible hurt during the storm last July. Sunday and Sunday night we spent with Mrs Cunningham's brother, Mr P M Brockinton, who lives five miles out in the country, although he is Probate Judge for Williamsburg county, and goes to town nearly every day.

Here at this pleasant home we met an old Confederate comrade, Mr A W Flagler, who, knowing how we love honey, presented us next morning with a gallon of fine extracted honey, almost as clear as crystal. Monday morning we hiked out for home and in about three hours time were back at Bishopville.

Having said so much about our trip we cannot close without saying a few words about old Kingstree, 44 years ago when we commenced business there, and new Kingstree of today.

The first paper started in Kingstree was published about 1856 or '57 by Messrs Gilbert and Darr of Sumter, with an old Washington hand press that took all day to run off an edition of 500. It was a six-column, four-page paper, known as the Kingstree Star, and the subscription price was \$3. Messrs Gilbert and Darr soon sold out to Mr R C Logan, who continued its publication until '74 or '75, when he sold out to Capt S W Maurice, a prominent lawyer of Kingstree, who published it until his death. Mr J S Heyward of Orangeburg rented the outfit and continued its publication for a year or two and gave it up. In 1878 the writer of this article bought the outfit and published the Williamsburg Herald. For sentiment's sake, he restored the Star and it was then published as Star and Herald and was continued under that head till 1886, when the writer moved to Greenwood, having established the first paper in that thriving town, and sold out the Star and Herald to Messrs Andrews and Chandler, who did not run it long before it was suspended. In the meantime Mr R C Logan established the Record, which he sold to C W Wolfe, Esq., and after his death it was sold to Messrs Tolley and Wallace, who have an outfit up to date in every respect.

Standing at the foot of the Confederate monument at the intersection of Main and Academy streets, after strolling up and down these two thoroughfares, we were amazed at the transformation. The monument has taken the place of the old cucumber pump right in the cross of the two streets, where countrymen watered their stock when they came to town. The old Nelson house, Gewinner Hotel, Court House, somewhat remodeled, an old wooden shack next door to the Court House, where one of the most successful merchants of that time, W J Lee, did a big business,

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the old Benjamin home, the Star and Herald's old printing office, the Donaghut house and that of Mrs T M Gilland, Mrs Steele, the Harper house, and the home of the notorious S A Swails, are about all the old landmarks on these two main streets that we recognized as being there forty years ago.

The merchants doing business there then were James Staggers, Benjamin Bros, W M Kinder, Mrs M J Porter, W J Lee, Haynesworth Bros, L Stackley, M Schwartz, father of the Schwartz Bros of Sumter—and Ed Grayson. Three drug stores, Dr J S Brockinton's, Staggers' and Dr Scott who had just opened up.

The lawyers at the Kingstree bar were E J Porter, Capt S W Maurice, and four young men just admitted to the bar, H J Haynesworth, T M Gilland, J A Kelley and Melvin J Hirsch. P Heller, father of Mr Mike Heller, kept a hotel and livery stable on Main street where Capt Kelly now has two modern dwellings. On the corner where the large three-story brick building now stands was a carriage and wagon repair shop with upstairs portico extending over the sidewalk. All the stores were one-story wooden buildings, but the one most conspicuous, was the old Flint house on the corner where the handsome two-story Wee Nee Bank now stands. From the old Nelson house, going towards the railroad, there were but three houses on that side of the street as far out as the old Ward hotel, now known as the Harper house; they were the homes of Dr Merrett Mouzon, Capt S W Maurice, and W W Ward. On the opposite side, from the old Flint house, there was one two-room cottage, where Miss Mollie Epps lived, and with the exception of a grist mill across the railroad in the edge of the branch, there was no other house except Swails' and one or two negro houses. The branch, which has been filled in, a canal cut and where those solid brick and concrete stores now stand, was so boggy a cat could not cross it without sticking in the mud. The late Capt Purvis Nelson used to tell that he pulled seven (old cat and kittens) out of the mud one morning.

The depot was half a mile up the road from where it is now. Mr Peter B Mouzon was agent. It was while he was agent that the first telegraph message was received at Kingstree. It was not received then by sound but written in telegraph code, and everybody went to the depot to see the invisible man write.

From the monument to where Dr J S Brockinton lived at the head of Academy street, there were only two stores, Wm Kinder and Benjamin Bros; but afterwards Dr Scott's drug store, the printing office and Grayson's store were built. Dr Brockinton's drug store was on the opposite side of the street to where it is now, but afterwards built a wooden store on the spot where his son, Dr W V Brockinton, now has his up-to-date brick store.

Out of the 500 inhabitants accredited to Kingstree by the census of 1880, or even up to the time of our leaving there in 1886, we find only a few who were in business then are there now. No wonder we felt sad and lonely as we passed and repassed

strangers and only now and then met up with some one we knew.

But the transformation is equally as great in the growth and progress of the place as in the change of inhabitants. To see the old shops with heavy barred doors give place to elegant two and three story buildings with plate glass windows, strung from the court house to beyond the railroad and then for a block or two along Railroad avenue and Academy street, three thriving banks to none when we left there, miles of cement sidewalks, water works, electric lights, sewerage, fine churches and a magnificent school building, to say nothing of the ice factory, tobacco and other industries, acres of old fields converted into streets and handsome homes, was enough to wonder at the transformation that has taken place in so few years, especially when we were told that the census of 1910 showed a population of 2500 against 500 in 1880.

We found the names of more of our old friends resting in the cemetery than what we found on the streets or at their homes.—H S Cunningham in *Leadea and Vindicator*, Bishopville, S C.

Aviators' Deadly Work.

London, June 13.—In a swift and deadly raid on the city of London today, German airplanes took a heavy toll in killed and wounded. Other places were attacked, but so far as indicated at present, by far the heaviest losses occurred in London. The casualties officially announced numbered 534, including 97 killed, 437 wounded. Fifty-five men met death and 223 men were wounded. Sixteen women and twenty-six children were killed and 122 women and ninety-four children were wounded.

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NEW FIRE TERROR USED BY BRITISH.

BURSTING PROJECTILES SCATTERED
FLAMES OVER WIDE AREA—
CALLED "OIL CANS."

London, June 10.—New weapons of a formidable character were brought into use by the British Army in the attack on Messines Ridge. The correspondent of the Daily News at headquarters tells of them.

"We didn't use gas in the attack," he says, "but every other known form of offensive weapon I think we did supply, including a new horror known in the army as 'oil cans,' or 'boiling oil.' It is not permissible to give a description beyond saying that the weapon throws to a considerable distance projectiles which are in fact containers of highly inflammable stuff.

"These on concussion burst and scatter conflagration over a wide area. We know from prisoners taken that they caused terror and did an immense amount of harm, both in actual casualties and by starting innumerable minor fires."

The Boss Turnip.

One day this week Mrs S E McCullough, of the Bryan neighborhood, sent to The Record office by Mr B E Clarkson, a turnip of the purple top variety which weighed fourteen pounds including top, and measured 33 inches in circumference, 11 inches in diameter and was about 5 inches in width. Mr Clarkson will vouch for the above weight and dimensions as he weighed it and saw our office "devil" measure it. We are informed that the other vegetation in Mrs McCullough's garden is in keeping with her turnip patch.

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